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MISSIONARY HEROES COURSE

LIFE STORIES OF GREAT MISSIONARIES FOR
TEEN AGE BOYS

ARRANGED IN PROGRAMS

J. Hudson Taylor

Founder of the China Inland Mission

SOURCE BOOK

“JAMES HUDSON TAYLOR, PIONEER
MISSIONARY OF INLAND CHINA”

By GLORIA G. HUNNEX

Program Prepared by
FLOYD L. CARR

BAPTIST BOARD OF EDUCATION
DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION
276 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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*Program based upon JAMES HUDSON TAYLOR, PIONEER
MISSIONARY OF INLAND CHINA*

by GLORIA G. HUNNEX

Gospel Trumpet Company, Anderson, Indiana, 75 cents

FOREWORD

THE *Missionary Heroes Course* for Boys meets a real need. It is a series of missionary programs for boys based on great biographies which every boy should know. Courses Number One and Number Two are now available, each providing programs for twelve months, which may be used in the monthly meetings of boys' groups. Other courses are in preparation and will be issued for subsequent years.

It is suggested that the leader purchase two copies of each booklet; one to be kept for reference and the other to be cut up to provide each boy with his assigned part. Some may prefer to purchase one booklet and typewrite the parts for assignment. In order to tie together the life incidents as they are presented by the boys, the leader should master the facts outlined in the biographical sketch and read carefully the volume upon which the program is based. These volumes are missionary classics and may be made the basis of a worthwhile library of Christian adventure.

Boys are keenly interested in stories of adventure and achievement and it is hoped that participation in the programs will lead many of the lads to read these great missionary biographies. Attention is called to the twenty-three other life-story programs now available for Courses Number One and Number Two, both of which are listed on the last page. The books upon which these programs are based can be ordered from the nearest literature headquarters. Portraits of these missionary heroes are also available for purchase at fifteen cents a copy.

While these programs have been developed to meet the needs of boys' organizations of all types—i.e., Organized Classes, Boy Scouts, Knights of King Arthur, Kappa Sigma Pi, etc.,—they were especially prepared for the chapters of the *Royal Ambassadors*, a missionary organization for teen age boys originating in the Southland and recently adapted to the needs of the Northern Baptist Convention by the Department of Missionary Education. We commend these materials to all lovers of boys.

WILLIAM A. HILL.

PROGRAM FOR MEETING

1. Scripture Reading: Psalm 91, beginning "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." This Psalm was read aloud by J. Hudson Taylor at Wu-tieu, after deliverance from grave danger. (See "Hudson Taylor in Early Years," Vol. I page 357 and excerpt No. 10, following from "James Hudson Taylor, Pioneer Missionary of Inland China," by Gloria G. Hunnux.)
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn: "Jesus Lover of My Soul." This hymn was often sung on shipboard by the first party of volunteers on the way to Inland China. (See "Hudson Taylor and the China Inland Mission" Vol. II, page 73.)
4. Introduction to the Life-Story* (based upon pages 1-18 of "James Hudson Taylor, Pioneer Missionary of Inland China.")
5. His Early Schooling and Conversion (pages 18-19, 20-21).
6. The Call to China (pages 22-24).
7. Preparation for His Life Work (pages 25-26, 26-27, 44, 45).
8. Welcomed to Shanghai (pages 63-65).
9. Early Missionary Journeys (pages 75-76, 79-80, 83-84).
10. Deliverance from Grave Danger (pages 90-94).
11. Running a Hospital on Faith (pages 134-137).
12. Founding the China Inland Mission (pages 139-140, 141-143).
13. Development of the Mission (pages 145-148).
14. "He was not, for God took him" (pages 149, 150-153).
15. The China Inland Mission Jubilee ("Missionary Review of the World," July, 1925).

* The leader should read the brief sketch in this pamphlet, and also the brief life by Gloria G. Hunnux, "James Hudson Taylor, Pioneer Missionary of Inland China." A short sketch of J. Hudson Taylor will be found in "Great Missionaries for Young People," by Jeanne M. Serrell.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF J. HUDSON TAYLOR

JAMES HUDSON TAYLOR was born at Barnsley, Yorkshire, England. His father was a druggist by profession and an active leader in Methodism, his forebears having been profoundly influenced by John Wesley. Reverence for the Word of God and a genuine Christian piety, characterized his home environment.

As a lad, however, his health was very uncertain and it was not until he was eleven years of age that he attended the public school. Two years later he left school to assist his father in the drug store. His studies were, however, continued at home under his mother's direction. When he was seventeen, he read a tract entitled "The Finished Work of Christ," which resulted in a deep spiritual experience of God's saving grace. The timely visit of Dr. Charles Gutzlaff of China directed his thought to medical service to China's millions.

At the age of nineteen, he left home to begin an apprenticeship in medicine under Dr. Robert Hardey of Hull. During this year in Hull, he tested the promises of God again and again, for he deemed it "important to learn before leaving England to move man through God, by prayer alone." In the fall of 1852 he relinquished his position with Dr. Hardey and on faith entered the London Hospital for further study. His increasing absorption in the needs of China finds expression at this time in the words: "I feel as if I could not live if something is not done for China." The China Evangelization Society offered, in the midst of his medical training, to send him to his chosen field of service and he sailed for Shanghai in his twenty-first year.

On his arrival at Shanghai (March 1, 1854) and his first sight of the teeming thousands in her narrow streets, he wrote home to his mother: "I did long to be able to tell them the glad tidings." He was kindly received by the workers of the London Mission Society and with their assistance found lodgings and a teacher.

Toward the end of his first year in China, he decided to vary the monotony of his faithful study of the Chinese language by accepting the invitation of an experienced missionary to accompany him on an evangelistic tour. The thrill of engaging in

actual missionary work kindled his spirit and from now on he made repeated trips by house-boat into the regions beyond Shanghai. Rough usage and even grave danger did not daunt him and his purpose became fixed to invest his life in pioneer work in the interior of China.

After making his headquarters at Swatow for a time, he removed to Ningpo. Here he met Miss Maria Dyer, who was teaching in a mission school. Four years later, on January 20, 1858, after demonstrating anew the adage: "The way of true love runs not smooth," he was united in marriage to Miss Dyer. Their home on Bridge Street, Ningpo became the first headquarters of what was later to develop into the China Inland Mission. The following year, the sudden death of the wife of Dr. Parker his co-worker, compelled him to return to Scotland with his four children, and the responsibility for the crowded hospital at Ningpo was thrust upon Hudson Taylor. The prayer of faith was answered and the funds for maintaining the work were steadily supplied.

But the strain of six strenuous years was beginning to tell upon him and failing health compelled his return to England. In spite of the pressure of speaking appointments, the problem of bearing the Gospel message to inland China was more and more upon his mind. He wrote in the booklet: "China's Spiritual Need and Claims": "A million a month in China are dying without God and we who have received in trust the Word of Life, we are responsible." With this conviction burning in his soul, he slipped away quietly on Sunday morning, June 25, 1865, to the shore near Brighton, to pray the problem through. That day he determined, in increased dependence upon prayer, to enlist an increasing force of workers to carry the Gospel message to Inland China. With the co-operation of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Berger, wealthy sympathizers in his work, he founded the China Inland Mission. The Mission was to be interdenominational in scope. No public or private requests were to be made for contributions, and the enlisted workers were to receive no stated salary, but the work was to be supported on faith, through prayer. George Müller, founder of the Bristol Orphanages, became the staunch friend of the Mission and many others became deeply interested in the work.

On May 26, 1866, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor sailed for China with their first party of volunteers. After a period of training in the study of the language, they donned the native dress and traveled to distant unprotected posts in the interior. Initial periods of suspicion and hostility were often followed by serious outbreaks, but still the work advanced. Two years after their return, their

home at Yang Chow was stormed by a hostile mob but no physical injury was inflicted. In 1870 Hudson Taylor was sorely bereft in the death of his wife, Maria Dyer Taylor.

The work continued to expand until there were seventy stations and in 1881 the China Inland missionaries met at Wu Chang to pray for reinforcements, asking for seventy new workers. Within three years, the seventy volunteers presented themselves. Then in 1885, the attention of the Christian world was focused on the work of the Mission by the enlistment of seven graduates of Cambridge University. "The Cambridge Seven," as they were termed, included men who had won scholastic and athletic honors, men who became influential leaders in China. At the beginning of 1887, prayer was offered in England and China for a hundred new workers during that year. Just before Christmas, the last detachment of that hundred was ready to depart for China.

As the work expanded, district superintendents were appointed in China to care for the respective Provinces and a "Council" was formed in England to care for the home base. An invitation from Dwight L. Moody to Dr. Taylor to speak at Northfield and Niagara-on-the-Lake resulted in the formation of a branch of the China Inland Mission in North America. Soon other branches were formed in Sweden and Australia and the work became not only interdenominational but also international.

Advancing years finally compelled Hudson Taylor to relinquish active work and in 1904, accompanied by his second wife, Jeannie Faulding Taylor, he took residence in Switzerland. After the death of his second wife in 1905, he determined to make a final visit to China. Accompanied by his son, Dr. Howard Taylor, he proceeded up the Yangtse River to visit the stations in Hunan Province. He had proceeded as far as Chang-Sha, Hunan, when on June 3, 1905, the call came to the Crown of Rejoicing. Like one of old: "He was not, for God took him." The China Inland Mission with its 260 stations and 1,134 workers is his enduring monument.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF J. HUDSON TAYLOR

*Reprinted from "James Hudson Taylor, Pioneer Missionary
of Inland China," by Gloria G. Hunnax*

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Anderson, Indiana*

His Early Schooling and Conversion. (Pp. 18-19, 20-21.)

Not until he was eleven years of age did Hudson Taylor begin his brief career as a school-boy. Even then, his delicacy of health made it impossible for him to attend regularly, as his ambition to learn made him likely to study too much.

Association with other boys was one thing he needed. Boyish sports did not attract him so much as to make him a favorite by any means. However, he made some lasting friendships, and activities on the playground had a valuable effect on his character. After all, school-days were not really happy ones for Hudson, for he missed the spiritual atmosphere which he had always had before. He allowed the joyous faith of childhood to pass away and for six years was unsettled in Christian experience, though most of the time trying hard to make himself a Christian.

But there came to Hudson during his first year at school a fitting word which he never forgot. It was through a speech made by Mr. Henry Reed, of Tasmania, in which the speaker told a true story of a convict under sentence of death who had not taken heed when the Spirit of God said to him, "My son, give me thine heart," but had walked right on into temptation and finally had committed murder. The details of the story made deep impressions, and Hudson was never able to get away from the pleading of his conscience, "My son, give me thine heart," though a definite experience in his heart did not come until some years later.

In the school came unsatisfactory alterations, and as his father needed help in the drug-store, Hudson's experience in school-life ended just before Christmas, 1845. He was glad of a chance to help earn his own living while carrying on his studies at home. The new arrangement worked well. His father's library

afforded all the books he required, and in the helpful companionships of home the troubles of his inner life began to pass away. He became conscious of a surrender of his heart to God, and for a time seemed to get on well; but another testing-time awaited him

“There will be a story at the beginning and a sermon or moral at the close. I will take the former and leave the latter for those who like it,” mused Hudson one June afternoon in 1849 as his eyes fell on a gospel tract lying near him. He was having a holiday and as he scarcely knew how to pass the hours, he picked up the tract and read these words, “The finished work of Christ.” The text, “It is finished,” then came to his mind, along with the explanation, “A full and perfect atonement for sin. The debt was paid for the sins of the whole world.” Then thought he, “If the whole work was finished, and the whole debt paid, what is there left for me to do?” With this thought came the happy conviction that it was for him to accept this Savior and this salvation. Thus Hudson Taylor spent the most profitable holiday he had ever had.

His mother was absent from home and would not return for another fortnight. To Amelia he first broke the glad news of his conversion. When Mrs. Taylor returned, Hudson was the first to meet her, and to say he had good news for her. “I know, my boy, I have been rejoicing a fortnight in the glad tidings you have to tell,” she answered.

“Why, has Amelia broken her promise? She said she would tell no one.”

“Ah, my son,” continued the mother, “no one has told me. But my heart became so burdened for you that a fortnight ago I determined not to arise from prayer until the assurance of your salvation came. So clearly did it come that I have been praising God ever since for the answer, and that my only boy is again restored to the grace and favor of God.”

The Call to China. (Pp. 22-24.)

“Well do I remember,” he wrote long years afterward, “as in unreserved consecration I put myself, my life, my friends, my all upon the altar, the deep solemnity that came over my soul with the assurance that my offering was accepted. The presence of God became unutterably real and blessed For what service I was accepted, I knew not, but a deep consciousness that I was not my own took possession of me, which has never since been effaced I felt I was in the presence of God, entering into covenant with the Almighty. I felt as though I wished to with-

draw my promise, but could not. Something seemed to say, 'Your prayer is answered, your conditions are accepted.' From that time the conviction never left me that I was called to China.' As if a clear voice had spoken audibly, he heard the words, "Then go for me to China!"

A new epoch began in the life of this young man. The past—yes, when only a wee laddie of four years, was it not to China he said he was going when he became a man? The present—surely China was the meaning of his life now. The future—ah, "away beyond himself, outside the little world of his own heart-experience, lay the great waiting world, those for whom no man cared, for whom Christ died." His prayer was answered, his conditions were accepted.

With the coming in of the year 1850, Hudson was still employed in his father's drug-store, with good prospects before him. But another work, of which he now knew almost nothing, claimed his attention. How to prepare for it and reach it he had no idea, though the call to China was clear. Simply a young boy in a small town, what could he do for China? That great Empire of the East, so mighty in area and population, wrapped in mystery; for centuries proud of her exclusiveness, forbidding strangers to peep behind the curtain of her seclusion, yet so painfully in need of the gospel—how could the insignificant Barnsley boy presume to become an ambassador of the King of kings to such a remote corner of the earth? "Then go for me to China" was the divine command, definite and final. So he began to pray long and earnestly for guidance.

Preparation for His Life Work. (Pp. 25-26, 26-27, 44-45.)

As another form of preparation, Hudson studied the meaning of the Chinese characters in his little Gospel portion which his own friend had given him. He had heard that Mr. Milne, a co-worker with Robert Morrison in 1813 in China, has said that the task of learning the Chinese language required "bodies of iron, lungs of brass, heads of oak, hands of spring steel, eyes of eagles, hearts of apostles, memories of angels, and lives of Methuselah." But this did not daunt the zeal of young Taylor, who, after a few weeks, had learned the meaning of several hundred Chinese characters, though he could not pronounce them . . .

It was now more than a year since Hudson's call had come, and he felt it was time for more definite preparation for his life's work. Five years' experience in his father's shop made him skilful in the dispensing of medicines and even in prescribing

for ordinary ailments. Keen on earning his own living, he thought that as an assistant to a doctor with a good practice he might provide for himself, and at the same time make progress with his medical studies. After much prayer for guidance, an opening occurred in Hull for an assistant to one of the busiest doctors in town. The new apprentice took up work on his nineteenth birthday with Dr. Hardey, who was much esteemed in Hull as a good medical man and as a consistent Christian

He felt it right to give notice to Dr. Hardey at once so as to go forward with his medical studies in London. Now that his decision was made to take the next step forward, he burned all the bridges behind him and went forth to the great city of London with no situation in sight. All his efforts there to find suitable employment failed. He had no savings to fall back upon except what he had put aside to purchase his outfit to go to China. But he wasted no time in worry about the future. Now all that lay between him and *want* in the great city of London was a few pounds for an outfit for China, a promise of help for hospital fees, an invitation to be a guest a few days with his uncle while locating a situation, and a little pocket-money. . . .

After several weeks of waiting and struggling, he was finally received into a hospital as a student.

Welcomed to Shanghai. (Pp. 63-65.)

He wrote: "My feelings on stepping ashore, I cannot describe. My heart felt as though it had not room and must burst its bonds, while tears of gratitude and thankfulness fell from my eyes." A sense of loneliness crept over him, as he realized he had not an acquaintance anywhere, and not a single hand held out to welcome him. But he had three letters of introduction to people who were friends of his acquaintances in England, and naturally he expected advice from them. Enquiring for the one upon whom he relied for the most help young Taylor was sorrowfully surprised to learn that this man had died of fever only a month or two before. With the second letter of introduction he set out to find the missionary to whom it was addressed, only to learn that the hoped-for friend had recently left for America! Imagine the disappointment of the new missionary, as he took up his third letter of introduction, from which he had all along anticipated the least help, for it had been given him by a stranger. It proved, however, to be God's channel of help.

Leaving the British Consulate, he wended his way for some distance across the Foreign Settlement, in search of the London Mission Compound. Strange sights, sounds, and smells greeted

him from every angle. In the narrow, crowded streets he saw hundreds of skirted men with long cues hanging down their backs, and as many trousered women, with embroidered silk slippers covering their tiny-bound feet.

By and by he found himself before an open gateway. Within the enclosure there was a mission chapel, hospital, and several dwelling-houses. He enquired for Dr. Medhurst, to whom his third letter of introduction was addressed, but was told that he was no longer living on the Compound! While much perplexed as to his next step, Mr. Edkins, a junior missionary, came to his rescue. Then followed an introduction to all the other missionaries of the Compound, including Dr. Lockhart, who, fortunately, had a room that could be spared for the new missionary, whose coming was unannounced. Mr. and Mrs. Burdon, a newly married couple, invited him to dinner that evening, and from the first were drawn to Hudson Taylor in a sympathy to which he warmly responded. The next morning he brought his luggage ashore from the *Dumfries*, bought necessary books, hired a teacher, and was ready to begin studying the Chinese language in the Mandarin Dialect, the most widely spoken in China. That evening at the weekly prayer-meeting of the missionary circle in Shanghai, Mr. Taylor was introduced to other missionaries and was made to feel much at home among them.

Early Missionary Journeys. (Pp. 75-76, 79-80, 83-84.)

Mr. Edkins hired a house-boat which was roomy and, fortunately, clean. It had one tall mast and a large sail. Even though the cabin was very airy, it protected them from wind and rain. In this Mr. Edkins and Hudson Taylor arranged their clothes, bedding, food-baskets, medical supplies, instruments, and a large assortment of Gospel portions and tracts. What for? Did they not have a house to live in? Why should they set up housekeeping on a boat? Oh, they were going to follow a canal or river to country villages and towns, preaching to the heathen Chinese the love of Jesus.

Everything being so different from anything Mr. Taylor had experienced before, lasting impressions were made upon his mind. There was a good view of the low-lying country as the boat glided through the waterway, leaving Shanghai in the distance. There were innumerable hamlets, villages, towns, and cities—homes of the living. Then there were thousands of grave-mounds indicating the city of the dead. How strange seemed the first night that they spent on this house-boat! As the evening shadows grew longer, which they did so early on those

short December days, scores and scores of other boats were casting anchor, all as close together as motor cars today in a public parking-place. Their object for this huddling together was protection against pirates.

After supper the two missionaries among this great crowd of Chinese began to make known their purpose in being there. Conspicuous as they were for their white faces, fair hair, blue eyes, and English dress, among these people with yellow faces, jet black hair and eyes and blue cotton-padded garments, scarcely no time at all was required for them to become surrounded by a large audience. The dim light from the cabin fell upon those faces so full of interest, yet almost devoid of comprehension, as they listened for the first time to the old, old story of Jesus and His love. The simple service could not last long, for boat people rise with the morning's first streak of light, and therefore must retire early.

Next morning when the missionaries awoke, they found themselves nearing the large city of Sungkiang about forty miles south of Shanghai. Here they gave away books and preached to the crowds on the streets. . . .

Full of zeal and enthusiasm for further experience in this kind of work, the missionaries returned to Shanghai before the end of the year. As there seemed nothing in particular to keep young Taylor in Shanghai at this time, he bought a house-boat of his own, and set out January 25, 1855, on his second itinerary, in mid-winter and alone.

His zeal did not cool by the predicament in which he found himself next morning. High banks on either side of his boat covered with snow, and a thick covering of ice on the river retarded his progress. The only way by which he could proceed at all was to break a channel in the ice, a foot at a time, then thrust a long pole into the bank and push the boat its length ahead—a process that had to be continued for hours. Many experiences were indelibly stamped upon the memory of this missionary while pioneering among numerous villages and cities on this solitary journey. In that lawless country where Tai-ping Rebels were still fighting against the Government, how easily might this lone foreigner have been seized and held for ransom, or even tortured and killed! He wrote afterwards, “I knew that I was where duty had placed me . . . and felt that, though solitary, I was not alone.”

By and by he found himself in Shanghai again, where war clouds hung heavier and darker than ever. Rumors were afloat that an attack would be made on the Foreign Settlement by the Rebels; in which event none could escape from the Government

troops, for they would be glad enough to have the white men all massacred so they could share the spoils. Anxious as these time were, Hudson Taylor proceeded to make plans for his third tour in outlying districts

A week later all preparations were made and off they started northwest, to the town of Kia-ting. After having been surrounded by such large crowds on every preaching-trip before, imagine how strange it must have seemed to Hudson Taylor when children and men and women, the young and the old, all fled from the streets in terror as the missionaries approached! No one would venture near them, but ran into houses and closed the doors, peeping out to watch after the foreigners had passed.

But the missionaries were wise enough to let themselves be seen openly as much as possible and to make it known that they were able to heal disease. They announced that on the morrow they would examine cases of sickness and prescribe medicine free. This seemed to turn the feeling of fear among the people, and as they walked the streets and passed along the city walls, they heard many remark that they were "doers of good deeds." Crowds began to follow, but at a distance which they felt was safe. The next day they began early and worked hard until three o'clock, seeing all the sick they possibly could. After that, Dr. Parker went on the boat, and Mr. Taylor selected the worst cases and took them to him, having to send the rest away. Afterwards they were invited into the very homes whose doors had been shut against them the day before, "all due to ointments, pills, and powders prescribed with sympathy and prayer."

When this journey was ended, Mr. Taylor with his fellow workers had distributed, during the past three months, three thousand New Testaments and more than seven thousand other books and tracts. . . .

Deliverance from Grave Danger. (Pp. 90-94.)

The following day they were determined to visit the city of Tungchow, though they were warned that its reputation was bad. They wished at least to distribute Scriptures within its walls, with prayers that the good seed sown might bring forth fruit to life eternal. Commending themselves to the care of their heavenly Father, they gave orders to their boatmen to learn as much as possible about their fate, if they did not return, then carry the news to Shanghai quickly. The native teachers tried to persuade them not to go. The servant who always carried their books on such occasions started with them, but soon asked to return, having become frightened at what he heard

about the soldiers at Tungchow. His request was granted, of course; and about that time a respectable man in passing tried to turn the missionaries back, saying they would soon find to their sorrow what the soldiers were like. Thanking him for his advice, which they could not accept, on they went—whether for bonds, imprisonment, death, or a safe return they knew not, but they felt that by the grace of God they would not leave Tungchow any longer without the gospel.

Then the wheelbarrow man refused to go further; so another had to be found. The rough ride was anything but pleasant through the mud and rain, but the young men encouraged each other by Scripture promises and hymns. As they neared the city they prayed that they might speak the word with all boldness. As they did not wish to endanger the wheelbarrow men, these were dismissed outside the city. On they walked then, somewhat amused as the people called out, “Black devils are coming!” Several soldiers were passed who seemed quiet enough, but presently a tall, powerful, half-drunken man seized Mr. Burdon by the shoulder, and all at once they were surrounded by a dozen or more of his companions and were being hurried on to the city very rapidly.

Mr. Taylor’s bag of books was getting very heavy, but he could not change hands. Soon he was in great perspiration and was hardly able to keep up with the soldiers. They told the soldiers to take them to the chief magistrate, but were answered very roughly, “We know where to take you and what to do.” The tall man who had seized Mr. Burdon then left him for Mr. Taylor, who afterwards wrote: “He became my principal tormentor, for I was neither so tall nor so strong as my friend and was less able to resist him. He all but knocked me down again and again, seized me by the hair, took hold of my collar so as almost to choke me, and grasped my arms and shoulders making them black and blue. Had this continued much longer, I must have fainted. All but exhausted, how refreshing was the remembrance of a quotation by my dear mother in one of her last letters:

“ ‘We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there!’ ”

In the meantime Mr. Burdon tried to give away a few books that were under his arm. Disputes among the soldiers proved that some wanted to take them to the *Yamen*, while others wished to kill them outright. Then Mr. Taylor managed to bring from his pocket his Chinese card (a large red paper bearing his name)

and demanded that it should be given to the chief official of the place, after which they were treated with a little less severity. After being dragged through long, weary streets, their bodies bathed in perspiration and their tongues dry with thirst, they at last leaned against the wall in front of the *Yamen*. Chairs and tea were asked for, but they were told to wait. While waiting, Mr. Burdon preached Jesus to the onlooking crowd that had gathered. Their cards and books had been sent in to the official but he being of low rank, referred them to a higher officer.

The young men refused to go unless sedan-chairs were brought. Finally the soldiers consented to this. At last the prisoners were in the presence of an old mandarin who had formerly held office in Shanghai and who knew how foreigners should be treated. He met them with every respect and courtesy, and took them into a more private room away from the rabble of the people. Mr. Taylor offered him a New Testament and tracts, and told him briefly what they were teaching, thus explaining their object in visiting the city.

The old man ordered refreshments for them. Of these he also partook, while he listened attentively. After a long stay they were given permission to distribute the rest of their books. They were also provided with an escort until they were not only safely outside the city but fully half way back to their boats once more.

Running a Hospital on Faith. (Pp. 134-137.)

Four motherless little tots for Dr. Parker to care for, and one of them very ill, was the shocking news which spread quickly in the Foreign Settlement of Ningpo upon the sudden death of Mrs. Parker. Their building-plans had already been completed, which included a splendid hospital, dispensary, chapel and dwelling-house. But his sudden grief brought Dr. Parker to realize how much his own health had been reduced by five years spent in China.

All he felt able to do was to take his family home to relatives in Scotland. But what was to be done with his hospital full of patients? What with the crowded dispensary every day, with people needing help? No other doctor was free to take his place, yet to close down seemed out of the question.

It came as a great surprize to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor when Dr. Parker asked them to take over this prosperous work. Upon their knees in earnest prayer they sought the will of the Lord. Did they not have several very capable native workers already? Why should they allow either the hospital or the dispensary to

be closed? As to funds—well, Dr. Parker had little to leave, but prayer had not lost its power; or if it had, they might as well retire from the field.

Strong, therefore, in the inward assurance that God had opened up this greater sphere of usefulness for them, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left the Bridge Street work largely to the care of their colleagues, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and prepared to move to Dr. Parker's. Little as Mrs. Taylor realized it, her husband could hardly have taken these greater responsibilities had it not been for her valuable assistance. She relieved him of all account-keeping, correspondence, household cares, management of servants, and, to a great extent, direction of his hospital staff. She even found time to do a great deal in the wards among women patients, and spent many hours in caring for both the souls and bodies of those in the dispensary.

Thus her beloved husband had freedom from these cares to direct the large establishment and give himself more exclusively to hospital and spiritual work. His heart continually drew upon divine resources. He well knew that the greatness of his outward work could not be sustained were he to cease the inward cry to Him upon whom its success depended. Calling together his assistants, then, he explained the true state of affairs. Dr. Parker left money to meet expenses of the current month, but after that they must look directly to the Lord for supplies. He would not guarantee stated salaries, because he would not go into debt, whatever happened. Therefore, any who wished to do so were at liberty to seek other positions, though he should be glad to have them stay if they were prepared to trust the promises of God.

As Mr. Taylor expected, those who were not whole-hearted Christians did leave, thus making places for the Bridge Street workers who had already been taught to trust God for the temporal as well as the spiritual. Even all the patients knew upon what basis the hospital was run now; so with eagerness they watched the outcome.

Dr. Parker's money was finished and Hudson Taylor's own supplies were low, but daily he and his band of faithful workers placed the need before Him whom they served. And this was one of the sorest tests Mr. Taylor had ever experienced on this line, for now so much more was involved. One morning the cook appeared, to say to his master that the last bag of rice had been opened. "Then the Lord's time for helping us must be close at hand," was his reply. Just so. Before that bag of rice was finished, a check for two hundred and fifty dollars came from Mr. Berger, of far-away England.

The beauty of this gift was that when Mr. Berger's letter was written, Mrs. Parker's death had not occurred yet; so of course Mr. Berger knew nothing of the increased needs of Hudson Taylor at that particular time. No wonder Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and their staff were overcome with joy and praise. The patients in the hospital hardly knew what to make of the song and shouts of joy. But how they listened, those men and women who had known nothing all their lives but blank, empty heathenism!

"Where is the idol that can do anything like that?" they asked. "Have they ever delivered us in our troubles, or answered prayer after this sort?"

But James Hudson Taylor had learned before leaving England "to move man, through God, by prayer alone."

Founding the China Inland Mission. (Pp. 139-140, 141-143.)

His health continued to fail until it was evident that the long sea voyage to England was the only hope of his life. Reluctantly, therefore, the last good-bye was said to all that was dear in Ningpo, but two busy weeks were spent in Shanghai making final preparations. Four months at sea on the Jubilee bound for London gave ample time for quietness, prayer and meditation.

Whether they were alone in their cabin by day, or gazing into the starry heavens by night, or taking a sunrise walk on the deck, never did their deepest fancy build for them an air-castle equal to the reality of the future! True, they looked hopefully into the future, trusting for restored health, fellow missionaries, and a return to China. But never in those days did James Hudson Taylor have a thought of the true facts awaiting developments—China open to the gospel; a mission of his own simple style at work in the most distant provinces; ten hundred stations and out-stations; over a thousand missionaries, and more than two thousand native evangelists, pastors, teachers, and Bible women; over seven million dollars put into his hands to help along the work of such a mission and that without a collection or single appeal for money!

How could his faith ever have been enlarged or his imagination have been stretched, to include such a growth of a work from his own humble beginning during those first few years in China? But the man whose life is traced in this little volume was simply a tool in the hands of the great Master Builder. It is He Who causes the giant oak to spring forth from an insignificant little acorn. What great possibilities are wrapped up in young men and young women today! Any lad or lassie who gives to

Jesus the few loaves and fishes which he or she may possess may see the multitudes fed. . . .

While Mr. Taylor was pondering and praying over the matter this suggestion came to his mind: "If you see these things more clearly than others, why not go forward yourself, and trust God to accomplish his purposes through you? Go yourself to inland China! If power in prayer be granted, what is to hinder your obtaining the men and the means? Five have already been given for the Ningpo work: why not a larger number to meet the greater need?"

With this conviction burning in his soul, Mr. Taylor slipped away quietly on Sunday morning, June 25, 1865, to the sands of the seashore near Brighton, heavily burdened over the great responsibility. Then the thought came, "Suppose God does give a band of men for China, and they reach those inland regions, and should all die of starvation or should they be killed in riots, would not friends at home blame Him for taking them out?"

While he was in agonizing prayer over the matter the Spirit of God spoke to him: "Why burdened thus? If you are simply obeying God, all the responsibility must be left with *Him*, and not with you."

"Very well," responded the waiting soul to this welcome assurance; "Thou, Lord, shalt be responsible for them and for me, too."

In the quiet home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Berger at Saint Hill the foundation of the future mission was laid in long and prayerful talks over the important doctrines of the Word of God. Principles upon which the mission was to be conducted were as prayerfully thought out. "Grace and guidance, men and means, faith and the fulness of the Spirit for this service, all were sought and found by this little company of men and women on their knees, who had been taught to trust in the simple promises of God; and trusting, to obey."

They agreed that the mission should be undenominational in that it should hold to no particular creed, except the general principles of evangelical Christianity. And it was to be interdenominational in that workers would be accepted from all evangelical denominations. The policy of its founder, never to go into debt, was woven into the new mission, and is still adhered to. It was to be called the "China Inland Mission," because its centers of operation were to be away from the coast, out in the interior provinces of China. Mr. Berger accepted the duties of Home Director.

During the remainder of that year and the early spring of 1866 the Mission was further developed, and a party of missionaries were being prepared to enter the field.

Development of the Mission. (Pp. 145-148.)

Though confronted all the years by riots, wars, deaths among the missionaries, shortage of funds, and many other obstructions, yet the work of the Mission had grown to such a size that one could not help but recognize that God's hand was upon it. In 1880 there were seventy stations occupied by as many missionaries. But the increasing demands of the work required more men. So Mr. Taylor called a convention at Wu Chang, where many of the workers met him. They pledged themselves to pray for seventy more missionaries during the next three years; and at the end of that time the prayer was fully answered. Then in 1885 a blessing was added by the coming of seven graduates from Cambridge University.

As Mr. Taylor could no longer direct this growing work without help, district superintendents were appointed in the different provinces. At the beginning of 1887 prayer was made for a hundred new workers during that year, and just before Christmas the last detachment of that hundred were ready to depart for China.

It was while Mr. Taylor was again in England that he was urged by a successful business man in New York State to establish a branch of the C. I. M. in North America. At first the proposal was not hopeful, but a little later another request came from Mr. Moody for Mr. Taylor to attend the Students' Summer School at Northfield the following year. After this request there came an invitation to take part in the Niagara Conference. These were accepted, but with no thought of results.

But at any rate, a North-American branch of the China Inland Mission was established; and later a branch in Scotland, in Sweden, and in Australia were great assets to the work both in men and in money. Thus the Mission whose founder went out to China alone, a physically frail young man having neither a theological, a university, nor a medical degree, and no financial backing except the divine promises "between the covers of his pocket Bible"—that Mission, we are thankful to say, has never taken a backward step for lack of funds.

It has steadily increased from one man and one station during a period of sixty-eight years, or until January 1, 1922, so that by the blessing of God the figures stand as follows:

Missionaries	1,073
Paid Chinese Helpers.....	1,968
Voluntary Chinese Helpers.....	1,876
Stations	251
Outstations	1,633
Chapels	1,332
Hospitals	11
Dispensaries	100
Native Schools	484
Baptisms	86,831
Students in schools at Chefoo for children of the missionaries	300

Prayer, faith, sacrifice and service—these were elements composing the good seed that was sown some three-score and ten years ago. Having germinated, this seed grew into the wonderful Mission which we see today. It is a lesson teaching us that “God honors faith, answers prayer, and never fails those who attempt great things for God and expect great things from God.”

“He was not, for God took him.” (Pp. 149, 150-153.)

While he was taking a rest in Switzerland, another great sorrow came into the life of our hero, occasioned by the death of his second wife, whose devotion to him and his God was most helpful in health and in sickness. Soon afterwards—early in 1905—he had a fervent desire again to visit China. His son and daughter-in-law, Dr. Howard and Geraldine Taylor traveled with him, but so feeble was their father that at times it looked as though he could not outlive the voyage.

But eventually the land of his adoption was reached, and after a brief stay in Shanghai, where he saw most of the members of the China Council, who had remained after their April sittings to meet him, he proceeded up the Yangtse River. The aged founder of the Inland Mission was determined to visit the once bitterly anti-foreign province of Hunan, in the heart of China, where he had never gone before. It was the last of the eighteen provinces to be opened to the gospel. A few missionaries were at work there now, in the capital city of Chang-Sha and Mr. Taylor wanted just to go and see

The little party of travelers were warmly welcomed into the mission home by their workers at Chang-Sha on Thursday the first of June. Friday they were conveyed in sedan-chairs to different places of interest in the city, one of which was a lofty building on the highest part of the city wall. From here Mr.

Taylor was charmed with the delightful view before him of the great city, and of the mountains, plains, and rivers surrounding it. He also visited the site of several acres which the governor was giving for their medical mission.

Saturday morning "the venerable Pastor" addressed a congregation of Chinese who had assembled for worship. Dr. and Mrs. Keller planned a reception, to give all the missionaries an opportunity of meeting this aged pioneer of the cross. "He looked so fresh and nice," wrote Mrs. Geraldine Taylor afterwards, "when he came down at four o'clock to greet the friends who were gathering One by one they came and sat beside him, devoted workers representing six or seven different societies, over thirty in all, including our own C. I. M. friends."

After all had left, his son, Dr. Howard Taylor, persuaded him to go up-stairs to rest, although he said he was not specially tired. When the evening meal was ready, as he did not feel inclined to go down-stairs, a tray was carried to his room. Then the son helped him to bed and called his wife to sit with the aged man a little while. Mrs. Taylor was standing outside on the veranda. Of her experience at this time she afterwards wrote:

"Twilight had fallen then, and darkness veiled the distant mountains and river. Here and there a few glimmering lights dotted the vast expanse of the grey-roofed city. All was silent under the starlit sky. Enjoying the cool and quietness, I stood alone a while, thinking of father. But oh, how little one realized what was happening then, or dreamed that in less than one half-hour our loved one would be with the Lord! Was the golden gate already swinging back on its hinges? Were the hosts of welcoming angels gathering to receive his spirit? Had the Master Himself arisen to greet His faithful friend and servant?"

Entering the room of the aged man, Mrs. Taylor found the lighted lamp on the chair beside his bed. He was leaning over with a letter in his hand and others spread out before him. "Could you not read us something interesting while Father has his tea?" asked she of her husband, knowing that would please the father. Taking up a book, the son asked: "Where did you leave off?" and at once the father pointed out the exact place. His mind was still perfectly clear. But before sitting down, the son went to bring something else for the tray. Meanwhile, Mrs. Taylor was leafing through the pages of the *Missionary Review*, at which the elderly man had been looking.

Suddenly the old missionary turned his head on the pillow and gave a little gasp. He did not speak, nor was he choking,

nor distressed for breath. He did not seem conscious of anything then. The son and other friends were called. They came at once, but "*He was not, for God took him.*"

"The look of calm and rest that came over his face was wonderful! The weariness of years faded away in a few moments, and the very room seemed filled with unutterable peace."

Gloriously translated on June 3, 1905, was James Hudson Taylor, from Chang-Sha, Hunan, the heart of China. "It was certainly remarkable that he who had given his life to open the closed provinces of inland China should, ere he died, have been permitted to enter into the capital of the last province to be opened to the gospel, and from that, the most appropriate spot on earth, should be called to his everlasting reward."

The China Inland Mission Jubilee. ("Missionary Review of the World" July 1925.)

The sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the China Inland Mission has been widely celebrated (June, 1925). On June 25, 1865, Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, following a call of God to reach inland China, with the Gospel, wrote in the margin of his Bible: "Prayed for twenty-four willing, skillful laborers at Brighton." This number was asked for in order to supply two for each of eleven provinces still without a missionary, and two for Mongolia.

God's answer finds partial expression in the following record of that mission to the end of 1924: More than 2,000 missionaries sent out in 60 years, of whom 1,134 are still on active service in 15 provinces, besides Chinese Turkestan and the borders of Mongolia and Tibet; \$15,000,000 received and used in the work; present stations 258; out-stations 1,764; chapels, 1,518; hospitals 13; dispensaries 91; schools 545; paid Chinese workers 2,211; voluntary Chinese workers 2,150; churches 1,165; communicant members 64,350; baptized in 1924, 5,779; baptized since commencement of work, 104,820.

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